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## "SPRUNG A LEAK."

As told by "Old Ben."

"Spin you the yarn of the *Betsy*!  
Well, mates, I don't mind if I do,  
Not as there's much for to tell you,  
And not as there's much as is new.

Hows'ever it's facts, true as Gospel,  
For I was aboard as first mate,  
Though two score o' winters since then, lads,  
Have snow'd on this grizzled old pate!

A tight little bark was the *Betsy*,  
As ever you'd wish for to see,  
And give her a favoring wind, boys,  
My stars! how she'd scud o'er the sea!

Well, lads, we'd been out to China,  
Where folks live on birds' nests and mice,  
And homeward bound was the *Betsy*,  
With a cargo of tea and rice.

On board was a strapping young sailor,  
As went reg'lar mad second day,  
So we tied him fast down in his hammock,  
Where he'd threaten, he'd curse, and he'd pray!

And all along he kept raving,  
And sayin', 'I'm sent by the Lord  
To smite and to slay all the wicked,  
To destroy them with fire and with sword.'

On the twenty-first day of our voyage,  
Lord! how well I remember the day!  
We was floatin' along like a seabird,  
And the waves was like lambkins at play.

'Twas pipin' hot, too, I can tell you,  
In the middle of burning hot June,  
And the breeze was a thing to thank God for,  
That blazing and sweltering noon!

'Aint she a beauty,' says Captain—  
An old salt as had often brav'd death—  
'Aint she just!' says I to the Captain,  
'Bless her heart,' says we both in a breath!

Just then he looks over the taffrail,  
And 'Ben,' says he sort o' scar'd,  
'Aint she low, much too low in the water?'  
And there me and him stood and star'd!

Stood and star'd, but for only a minute,  
Then the Captain sings out quick and bold:  
'Pipe all hands! look alive there my hearties,

Down, carpenter, down, sound the hold!

Down he goes, up again in a jiffy,  
And white was the carpenter's cheek;  
'In the hold,' says he, 'three foot o' water,'  
'To the pumps!' Cap'n cries, 'sprung a leak!'

'Furl sails, to the pumps every seaman,'  
And didn't the pump handles go!  
But fast as we pump'd out the water,  
Still faster the waves in did flow!

'B'low there,' Aye, aye! 'Sound again,  
man,  
The carpenter sounded once more,  
'Five foot,' he cries out, 'and is gaining,'  
And we thought, shall we ever reach shore!

You may guess how we work'd, even Cap'n  
Bent down his old back to the task;  
But the water came in by the boat load,  
As we pump'd it out by the cask!

Just then, o'er the creaking and rattling,  
A voice shouted out wild and high,  
'Eight feet in the hold, O ye doom'd ones,  
From death ye can none of ye fly!'

And there, by the Lord, was the madman,  
And we see through it all like a shot,  
'Twas him as had done all the mischief,  
While we thought him safe in his cot!

Up through the riggin' he darted,  
Jabbering loud as he flew,  
And speechless a minute with terror,  
Stood Captain and all that stout crew!

Two blue jackets pointed their muskets,  
And awaited the Captain's short nod,  
'No, no, lads,' said he thick and husky,  
'Lower the boats, and leave him to his God!'

'Ten foot in the hold,' cries the Boatswain,  
'Bear a hand, lads, be smart with the boat,  
'Take your last look at gallant old *Betsy*,  
Not ten minutes longer she'll float!'

As we row'd swift from under her quarter,  
She quiver'd from stem to her stern,  
An' the Captain, too, quiver'd and trembled,  
And—there—I wish I was through with my yarn!

For the Captain and I lov'd that vessel,  
And to see her down tottering swirl,  
And none on us able to help her!  
As to me, why I cried like a girl!

Not a dozen boat's lengths had we row'd,  
lads,  
Afore she give one dreadful leap,  
Then sunk foot by foot in the waters,  
Down, down in the great awful deep!

To the last yell'd that maniac seaman,  
'I will strike, I will smite, I will slay,'  
And glar'd at us like to some devil,  
Till the whirling waves hid him from day.

A sloop two days after we sighted,  
She bore down and took us aboard,  
And next day at four bells in the morning,  
Was we all, boys, in port safely moor'd!

So, lads, there's the yarn of the *Betsy*,  
As went down in a sea calm and clear,  
Though she'd weather'd a hundred Nor'-  
Easters,

An' it's true, mates, as I'm sittin' here!

—ARTHUR MATTHISON.

Mdlle. Vestvali has made her *debut* in London at the Lyceum as *Romeo*. Says the *Orchestra*:

"For some days previously the posters and the critiques promised a rich treat. 'After seeing Vestvali as *Romeo*,' says the *Berlin Presse*, 'the thoughts dwell on fatherland, humanity, and affection; the soul becomes suffused with love and passion, and visions of Paradise float around us.' So curious a combination of the mental condition of a Mussulman and a Comtist certainly did not occur to us. We had visions neither of Paradise nor humanity; and as we do not habitually let our thoughts, but rather our bodies, dwell on fatherland, there was no temptation to do so on Monday night. The peculiar vision floating before us—Paradisical only by compliment, terrene in sober matter of fact—was that of a tall lady with an inexpressive face, a masculine walk and voice, and a foreign accent."

Count Louis Arco Steppelberg, the manager of the Volkstheatre at Munich, has recently married a chorist, Mdlle. Osswald. The countess is fifteen years old, and the count is just half a century her senior.

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